

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Corcoran.*



IN BOSTON

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XIV.—RIVALS ON BOTH SIDES.

WHEN Constance had closed shutter and curtains and retired from the window, she sat for some minutes wrapped in her cloak, and thinking of the scene she had witnessed. Notwithstanding her youth and small acquaintance with public affairs, the thoughtful, intelligent girl knew

that a memorable thing had been done that night—a deed which those who saw would tell and talk of to another generation when their own heads were grey and its consequences had become history. Within the last hour a handful of Massachusetts men had hurled defiance at the power of Britain, and challenged the strongest government in Europe to mortal combat with them and theirs. She knew who had been mover and leader in the action; but what might its end bring to him, to her father, to herself, and

No. 1265.—MARCH 25, 1876.

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their common country? There gathered the cloud of fears that ever darkens the unlifted veil of futurity to man—fears sufficient to bewilder an older and wiser head; but her young and unsophisticated mind sought refuge from them—where the strongest and the weakest may alike find rest—in reliance on the all-directing, all-disposing Providence. Constance knelt at her bedside, and prayed fervently for her father, for Sydney Archdale, for herself, and her native land.

Prayers not less earnest and heartfelt went up that night from many a New England home, to which the news was brought by passing runners—a class of men that have died out long ago, for their vocation has been superseded by the appliances of modern life, but in those days they were the telegraphs of the American people; for the most part of French or Indian origin, and always natives of the backwoods. They were acquainted with all the short cuts of the country, wild or settled, and their exploits in conveying intelligence against time and distance argue a swiftness of foot scarcely credible in our steam-carried generation. As soon as the last chest was emptied over the bulwarks of the third tea-ship, three runners started from Boston in as many different directions, and all the towns along Massachusetts Bay, the inland villages, and outlying farms, as far as the Green Mountains, were woken up with the news before the break of day.

Yet in the town where it was done the transaction was unknown to the government authorities till an advanced hour in the morning. Then proclamations were posted up in all directions, offering large rewards for any information that might lead to the apprehension and conviction of the “wicked and malicious persons” who had forcibly boarded the East India Company’s ships, and destroyed the tea consigned to the civil governor’s two sons.

“Three hundred and eighty chests, they say,” said Caleb Sewell, who first brought the news to the Quaker household, when he came in from business at their early dinner-hour.

“Yes,” said Jacob; “it is grievous to think how much of the Lord’s good gifts are lost to the world and given to destruction, in the unreasonable quarrels and evil haste of men. Armies trample down the standing corn when they make speed to shed each other’s blood; they waste the land with fire, and turn fair fields and homesteads into desert places, that those whom they call the enemy may find no sustenance therein; and thus, in the harbour of our own city, those many chests of the heart-cheering tea, brought from the far east with much cost and labour of man, have been cast into the deep salt water, that the man whom they call George III might get no tax upon it.”

“So it is, friend,” said Caleb; “and thou wilt be grieved also to hear a report which came to my ear this day. It is rumoured in the city that friend Archdale’s son was the chief contriver of that business, and leader of the men who cast the tea overboard.”

“I am sorry to hear it,” said Jacob, “for his father’s sake, and for his own too; indeed, I had thought him inclined to better things.”

“He is a rash young man, friend Jacob, and one that will come to an evil end, except Providence prevent it, for the pursuit after him is hot, though carried on in a secret manner; and if he be taken, I fear his life will pay the forfeit.” Caleb was ostentatiously

addressing the head of the Stoughton family, who sat beside him, but he was looking from under his brows—a mode of stealthy observation which the partner had—at the opposite side of the table, where, according to old Quaker custom, the ladies of the household had their seats.

Terror took hold of Constance at first; she thought that stealthy look must be intended for her, but the next moment she saw that it was directed to Susanna, who, as Sewell came to his ominous conclusion, dropped the glass of water she had just raised to her lips, and seemed ready to drop from the chair herself, so deadly pale did the poor girl’s face become.

“What is the matter, dear child?” said her father and mother in a breath; and Caleb ran to her assistance.

“Oh, nothing,” said Susanna; “but the glass slipped from my fingers. I am not well, and will go to my own room.” She rose hastily and left the table, but in a few minutes, while her mother was yet remarking that Susanna was never strong in mid-winter time, and she thought their removal to Philadelphia was a providential dispensation, for the climate of Boston was too severe for the child, the young Quakeress returned all herself again, and the dinner passed without further incident or interruption.

Nobody—not even Caleb—seemed to have taken note of the small occurrence; but it cast a new light or shadow on the mind of Constance Delamere. There was another than herself interested in Sydney Archdale, and the partner guessed it. Had he taken that way to make the matter out, or were his predictions regarding the “rash young man” the dictates of secret and unsuccessful rivalry?

There is no life so composed and guarded that those disturbing influences cannot enter it, especially in the days of youth—the heart’s spring-time under any condition, when it sends forth blossoms fair or faint, according to the soil. Business, precision, and the interests of his seat, did not entirely fill up the thoughts and days of Caleb Sewell. The sturdy, methodical, brown-complexioned young merchant had a dream of the fair and delicate Susanna, who was, moreover, his partner’s only child and heiress; and he had also his fears or misgivings of being barred out by a man of the world.

That afternoon Constance and Susanna sat together in a small cheerful room on the first-floor, which they had appropriated as a sort of private parlour for themselves; there the girls kept their favourite books and pieces of industry, and there they were accustomed to talk more freely and confidentially than in the presence of their seniors. Susanna sat silent and thoughtful for some time, as if revolving something in her own mind, and then said, without looking up from the linen she was marking, “Constance, dost thou think friend Caleb was truly informed in what he said to-day concerning Sydney Archdale?”

“I don’t know,” said Constance. It was difficult to keep up the appearance of unconsciousness in that truth-telling house, but she had had some practice with her father at the Elms. “Young Archdale is a Whig; and many of that party would think the destruction of the tea a brave action, and a vindication of their country’s rights.”

“May be so; and Caleb should not speak so hardly of him, for he is of the same opinions. I have heard

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him say that if British troops ever invaded these provinces, he would take up arms and cast in his lot with the New England people. But, Constance, dost thou think?"—there was a slight tremor in Susanna's tone—"that young Archdale will be taken by the king's men?"

"I don't think he will," said Constance. She was better informed on the subject than the secluded Quakeress, and, therefore, had no fears. "Most of our country people are of his principles, and he has many private friends."

"Ah, no doubt he has friends who would hide him from them, Constance; I would hide him myself." The squire's daughter looked up in pure surprise. Never had the damask rose a brighter colour than that which flushed Susanna's face; the fervid heat of youth was there under the settled snow; but what a bloom of life and loveliness it gave her for the time! "I mean—I mean," she continued, bowing her head till the flushed face was hidden by the snowy linen, "my father and mother would hide him; you know we are bound to shelter those that flee from their enemies; and, besides that, I must tell thee we have great right and reason to do anything in our power for young Archdale. Thou knowest that his father and mine have been familiar companions for many years; and when Sydney was at Harvard College, and had not gone so openly against the government, he used to be very friendly with us, coming often to our house, and even attending our meetings, so that my mother had hopes he would one day give up the world, for few young men, she thought, were so free from its sins and vanities. But that is not all I have to tell. There is a farm called Ottersbourn in the country, three miles above Concord. The family who live there belong to our Society, and we have been accustomed to spend some weeks with them every summer, when Boston grew hot and dusty. My mother and I were there last year in the seventh month. Business kept my father in town, but he came to see us once every week. I was stronger that season than I am now, and used to go out with the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, for half-days together, gathering wild flowers and berries along the banks of the stream that gives the farm its name—Ottersbourn. It rises in the hills far west, and falls into Charles river. The hot summer time makes it almost dry, a child could cross it in any direction; but when there happens to be rain in the hill country, the bourn is subject to great freshets, which come down at once and without warning. Elizabeth and I had gone out one day when there was only a thread of water in its channel; we saw finer berries on the opposite bank than those we were gathering. She immediately crossed the bourn; I lingered for some minutes to get the best of the berries, and then tried to cross too, but I had not got half way over when we heard a mighty roar of water, and down it came like a moving wall. I tried to turn back, but the freshet was upon me, and swept me away down the bourn like a straw before the wind. Elizabeth ran for her life. The water was rising over bank and meadow; she cried for help, and so did I. There was none of the farm people within hearing, but Sydney Archdale was out with his gun in the neighbouring wood. He heard us, and came to my rescue, pulled off his coat, plunged into the roaring flood, and caught me as I was sinking. I remember nothing more, for I was insensible and

nearly drowned; but they told me afterwards how he kept my head above water, swam with the current, and brought me safe to land a long way from the farm; then carried me home in his arms to my poor mother. She was bending over me when I came to myself; but Sydney had run to Concord for a doctor, with whom he came back, and stayed with my mother till I was out of danger. He would never listen to her thanks or mine, but made light of the matter, saying any man could and would have done the same, and it was he that should be thankful to Providence for bringing him to the spot in time. Now, Constance, dost thou not think that I and my family have a right to remember that young man in our prayers—ay, and to help and serve him in time of extremity?"

"Indeed, I do," said Constance; she was thinking that Sydney had never mentioned the adventure at Ottersbourn to her. True, he was not the man to rehearse his own exploits, but might not the fair face of the young Quakeress have as much to do with making him so long a stranger as the loyalty of her father and the vigilance of government spies?

Susanna did not guess what was passing in her companion's mind. "I knew thou wouldest think so," she said. "My father has a great concern on his mind regarding Sydney; but my mother has lost hopes of him now. She says he has returned to profane ways, and also that it is not right for a girl in our Society to think of a man of the world, because her youngest sister was lost by so doing."

"Lost!" said Constance, not knowing what to make of the statement.

"Yes, that is what we say of those who slide away from us; I know not if it be a right saying," answered the mild Susanna. "My mother's sister married a sea captain; she tried hard to bring him in among the Friends, but could never get him further than a promise against swearing, and she was never happy. My mother says none ever are that leave our Society, but those that come into it attain to great blessedness, even on this earth, for" (added she, humorously) "she knew several maids who married Friends, having become such themselves—for none of our people would take in marriage one of the world. Constance, wouldest thou marry a Quaker?"

"If I liked him," said Constance, not wishing to be too explicit on the point.

"Ay, but wouldest thou like a Quaker?" and there was a look of archness in Susanna's face that one would not have expected to see there. "I know thou wouldest not, Constance, for I have heard that thou art engaged to a king's officer from the old country, of high birth and heir to a great estate; and thou knowest there is nothing more unlike a Quaker than such a man as he."

"Who told you that, Susanna? Whoever it was they did not tell you truth, for I am engaged to nobody, from the old country or the new!"

"Well, Constance, I heard it; and that you had refused Sydney Archdale on account of the captain—that is his title in the world, they say—which I thought very strange; but it was not from himself I heard it, remember, though he used to speak of thee to us. Tell me, Constance, did he ever speak to thee of me?" and Susanna's head bent down to the linen once more.

"No doubt he did, though I cannot recollect it. I have had little conversation with him for a long time.

My father is adverse to his principles, as you know, and Sydney is occupied with the doings we hear of too much to mind anything else, I suppose," said the cunning Constance.

"Ah, that is the worst part of him, as my mother says. If he had joined our Society in time"—Susanna spoke with a sigh—"he would have escaped all those snares and dangers of the world. It is a safe thing to be a Friend, Constance. What dost thou think of Caleb Sewell? Wouldest thou like him?"

"I don't think I should," said Constance.

"Yet he is a just, good man; and my mother says we should choose our partners in marriage only for inward excellence and understanding, because the chief end of marrying is, that the husband and wife may help each other in their pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem. On that account she and my father wish me to marry Caleb, but I cannot bring my mind to like him."

"Oh, but you may change your mind and marry Caleb yet," said her more lively companion.

"No, Constance, I will never marry him, nor anybody else. No doubt it is unwise and wrong in me, but I like none of our people, except as friends, and I would not fall away to the world and be cast out of our Society, because it would grieve my father and mother; besides, a man of the world might not care for me. I will never marry, Constance; and sometimes I think it would be well to wean my thoughts away from such matters. I am not strong and active like other girls; the nights are often long and sleepless and the days heavy with me, and I have inward warnings that it will be my lot to go early home."

There was a native nobleness in Constance Delamere that raised her above the commonplace woman's fear and hatred of a rival. If Sydney had fallen away from her for the charms of a newer face—and there was no certainty of that—Susanna was not to blame; she was still her friend; and even had they been strangers, the sad and serious tone of the young girl's talk, the resigned, patient spirit it disclosed, so hopeless for this world and so prepared for that to come, would have engaged her sympathy and secured her regard.

"No, no, Susanna," she said, bent rather on cheering up a less buoyant mind than speaking her real thoughts. "You will get strong and well in your own Philadelphia; our New England climate is a severe one, and trying to most people from other countries, they say. You will get strong and well, I know you will, and see somebody to your mind, to your father and mother's mind too, I hope"—Constance knew that would not be Sydney—"but whoever it may be, mind you invite me to the wedding."

"Thou wouldest not care much for a Friend's wedding, after the gay assemblies thou hast seen," said Susanna, with a melancholy smile; "at any rate, the like will never be my lot; but the Lord's will be done. It is the best for me and for thee, Constance—ay, for us all, if we could but think so"—here she stopped short as her mother stepped into the room.

"Constance, my good girl, I want thee to do an errand for me; thou wilt not take it amiss that I ask thee rather than Susanna, because of her cold?"

"No; indeed I should be sorry if you asked Susanna to go and me here," and the squire's daughter sprang up to show her readiness.

The errand was regarding certain delicacies which

the family storekeeper had promised, but forgotten to send. The evening was approaching, and with it the supper-hour. The table was a subject of high consideration to the Stoughtons' house; and as all within its walls were busy, and Philip had got leave to go skating with boys of his own caste, Constance set forth alone, with a basket on her arm in the homely fashion of old Boston, to bring home the required good things. The distance was short, and the neighbourhood particularly quiet at that hour. She had succeeded in her mission, and was returning, deep in thought over Susanna's tale about the Ottersbourn, when, on passing a recess between two of the irregularly-built houses of Harbour Street, her eye was caught by the figure of a man standing in its inmost corner, as if in wait for something.

His face was turned away from her, and he was dressed in the costume of the Mohawk band outside Faneuil Hall, except that the hatchet and feathers were wanting, but that figure was Sydney Archdale! Was he aware of the hot though secret search after him which Caleb Sewell had mentioned? The thought of the risk the young man was running overcame every other consideration; and stepping into the recess, she said almost in his ear, "Is it you, Sydney?" The man turned quickly round, and what was her consternation to see that it was not young Archdale, but a veritable Mohawk about the same age, and as fine a specimen of the red race as the former was of the European.

Constance would have turned and fled, but before she had fairly seen his face, the Indian had stepped before her, and there he stood barring her passage, and gazing upon her with a look of unmistakable admiration.

How much is the tongue needed in the service of the intellect—how little in that of the heart! The most flattering compliment or high-flown eulogy that ever gallant uttered could not have expressed the power of her beauty, and his complete subjugation, more clearly to Constance than did the eyes of that son of the forest, who could address her in no other language. How long he would have stood before her it were hard to say, but when the first shock of astonishment had passed, the girl's sense and courage came to her aid. She tried a brief apology for her mistake, but the Indian shook his head—her words were unintelligible to him. She then made him a sign that she wished to pass, and with the native courtesy of the red man, he made way for her, but followed her steps into the street, and gazed after her as she sped quickly to the Quaker's door.

The people of that house rarely looked out, so none of them got an inkling of her adventure with the Indian. Constance gave them an excised edition of it at the supper-table. Oh! not a word was there about the remarkable resemblance and her consequent mistake; but then she learned from Jacob Stoughton that the young Mohawk was chief of a tribe located near the western borders of Massachusetts, between whom and certain Quaker merchants, including himself, there was a trading compact of long standing, which brought their chief and some of their most considerable men once a year at the same season to Boston to exchange their furs and other products of the wilderness for the white man's goods.

"The elder men have made the journey so often that they can speak good English," said Jacob; "so could their former chief, with whom I was well

acquainted, but he departed this life last fall; and of this young man I know nothing, except that he speaks only his native tongue, that his name is Kashutan, and that his people hold him in high repute for justice and generosity, which I also believe; but," he added, to the relief of Constance, who had some fears of street meetings with her Indian admirer, "they will all set forward for home to-morrow."

THE STORY OF AN OLD CONCERT-ROOM.*

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THE Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square, is now no more, and before many years have glided away its glories will be forgotten, and its name only mentioned as a thing of the past. It seems a pity that these fine old rooms should disappear without a word or two of recognition—rooms in which were first heard the glorious symphonies of Haydn, and which the composer himself honoured by his presence—rooms consecrated by the "Concerts of Ancient Music" and by the Philharmonic Society—rooms in which Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett gave us the true interpretation of their works—rooms, in fact, in which all the light and genius of the musical world has been concentrated for upwards of a hundred years!

The "New Assembly Rooms," as they were originally called, were built in the early part of the reign of George III by Sir John Gallini, an Italian-Swiss, who had taught the prince and princesses to dance, who had been principal dancer at the Italian opera, and who had won from the Pope the Order of the Golden Spur. He was manager of the Italian opera for several seasons, and made a handsome fortune by teaching minuets and corantos to all the fashionables in the land. A poet of the time says,—

"Oh, Charlotte, these are glorious times,
I shall get money for my rhymes;
E'en from the Macaronies,
Gallini's fops, who trip at balls,
And breast the cold air wrapt in shawls,
Astride their little ponies."

In spite of his reputation of being the ugliest man in England connected with music and dancing since the time of the exceptionally hideous Herdegger (the Swiss count, and manager of the opera), he contrived to dance himself into the good graces of Lady Betty Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, whom he married.

Surely we have no record of a luckier dancing master than Sir John Gallini. So, having wriggled himself into notoriety, he purchased at the south-eastern corner of Hanover Square a site called "Kirkham Close," which had formerly been occupied by a windmill, and a few years more than a hundred years ago he erected the building known as the "Assembly Rooms," which, he hoped, would vie in attractiveness with the famous rendezvous of fashion, Mrs. Cornely's, in Soho Square.

The principal room was a noble one, measuring

95 feet in length by 35 feet in width, and was capable of holding 800 persons. The low, arched roof was well adapted for sound. The emblematical paintings which surrounded it were by Cipriani, and were good samples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his design by Bartolozzi. The same artists designed and executed the concert tickets for many years—works still highly prized by collectors.

The new building soon became very productive, as Sir John let every floor and every room, not only to concerts, balls, and assemblies, but to exhibitions, lectures, and lodgers of all kinds, scarcely allowing himself a habitable apartment for his own residence. One of the earliest advertisements is as follows:—

"HANOVER SQUARE, Jan. 23, 1775.

"Messrs. BACH and ABEL take the liberty of acquainting the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to their Concerts, that they are extremely sorry that, contrary to their intentions and endeavours, they are obliged to postpone their first Concert to Wednesday, the 1st of February, on account of some unexpected disappointments of part of the furniture and ornaments of their *New Room*."

On March 15th of the same year, it was announced—"There is a new door opened near the gateway in Hanover Street for the *figured chairs* (sedans), where the servants are desired to attend." And the advertisements add: "The Nobility and Gentry are most humbly desired to order their Coachmen to set them down and take them up at the door in Hanover Street, with their horses' heads towards Grosvenor Square, the door in the square being for ladies' chairs only."

To use the words of the "Daily Telegraph" (Dec. 24th, 1874) in a brief notice of these rooms,—"Fortified by the patronage of King George and Queen Charlotte, for the latter of whom a special boudoir, called 'The Queen's Tea-Room,' was built and decorated, aided by the talent of two famous German musicians, named John Christian Bach and Charles Abel, and assisted, when he needed assistance, by the purse of his noble father-in-law, Sir John enjoyed a prosperous career in Hanover Square."

Bach and Abel are names so intimately connected with the early history of these rooms that a word or two about them will not be out of place.

John Christian Bach was one of the numerous sons of the great Sebastian Bach. He was a fine performer on the harpsichord, and a composer of great excellence. He studied vocal music in Italy, and came to England in 1763 to produce his opera of "Orione." Upon his arrival he was appointed music master to the Queen, an office which he held till his death in 1782.

Charles Frederick Abel, a pupil of Sebastian Bach, was by birth a German. He was connected with the Electoral King of Poland's famous band at Dresden. He arrived in England in 1759, where his abilities were soon acknowledged. His great excellence was on the viol da gamba, an instrument now superseded by the violoncello. He lived in the neighbourhood of Soho till the time of his death in 1787.

These two musicians founded the musical evenings known as "Bach and Abel's Concerts," far exceeding in excellence any that had preceded them in this country. The result was a career of nearly twenty years of unrivalled popularity. The fickle public at length declined its favour, and the Earl of Abingdon is said to have expended £1,600 in the futile attempt to regain it.

* Hanover Square Rooms, after a career of their own extending over more than a hundred years, have become Hanover Square Club; and a sum of £25,000 has been expended in adapting them to their new functions. With the exception of the great hall, which has been newly decorated, the premises may be said to have been rebuilt, and they now comprise not only a suite of handsome and specious apartments, such as are common to clubs in general, but nearly forty bedrooms, the object being to afford country members, who may have occasion to make a short sojourn in town, the conveniences of a home. The new club will not possess any political character.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

Upon the wreck of this undertaking, several eminent performers in London, foreign and native, formed themselves into an association to establish a new series of subscription concerts, to which they gave the title of "The Professional Concerts." These meetings were held at the Hanover Square Rooms, and at them Cramer (the elder), Crosdill, Cervetto, and many other eminent professors, established their reputations. After eight seasons, this society ceased to exist.

This brings us to the year 1791, when "Entertainments of Music and Dancing, upon an entire new plan," were advertised; and in the same year an event occurred which is worth recording—the appearance of Haydn in these rooms as the conductor of his own immortal symphonies.

The circumstances were these. Salomon, the eminent violin player, possessing a mind fertile in resources, determined, if possible, to persuade Haydn and Mozart to visit London, for the express purpose of composing for and conducting their own compositions at a series of concerts to be given in these rooms. Many difficulties occurred to obstruct and delay this arrangement, the principal being the reluctance of Haydn to quit his retirement at Eisenstadt; and it was not until after the death of his patron, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, that this reluctance could be overcome. This event happened in 1789, and in the following year Salomon undertook a journey to Vienna, to negotiate personally with the two great composers. It was arranged that Haydn should return with Salomon to London for the season 1791, and Mozart was to follow in the succeeding year. Salomon's first concert of the series took place March 11th, 1791, and was the commencement of a splendid season. Haydn's symphonies composed for these concerts are universally admitted to be the grandest of his instrumental writings. The death of Mozart induced Salomon to engage Haydn for a second season, which was as successful as the first. Haydn composed and conducted again in the season of 1795.

Sir John Gallini, now advancing in years, still continued to reside in one of the upper rooms of the Hanover Square Rooms, remarkable now only for his accumulation of riches and parsimonious habits. Lady Betty had long since left him in disgust. Yet the poor old man must have had some good points, for Garrick and Barretti called him friend. Harry Angelo, in his "Reminiscences," gives some characteristic anecdotes of this singular character, which are too interesting to pass by. We transcribe them from his second volume, p. 50:—"Gallini, the dancing master, who had amassed a large fortune, was a great miser, and his covetousness was known to everybody. Petrot, the famous dancer, was a boy with him, and had been instructed in the same school abroad. Gallini surprised all his acquaintances by inviting Petrot and some others to his house in Hanover Square to dine. My father, who for a number of years had received Gallini at his table, but had never received so much as a glass of water in return, was, with myself, of the party. Petrot having never seen his rooms, and Gallini not having time to show them before dinner, it was delayed till after; and previously to our leaving, about nine o'clock, he took us to the concert-room, leading the way with a sort of rushlight, so that we were almost in the dark. While Gallini was describing the room, and telling us how many it held, the great

expense it had put him to, and other matters, a servant came to say that a person below had particular business with him. Gallini immediately went downstairs, leaving the bit of candle with us. No sooner was he gone than I put my hand in my pocket, and finding some paper, directly folded it up in different parcels (having seen that all the chandeliers were ready for the following night), and giving a paper to each person, I proposed that each of us should light the candles. My suggestion was complied with immediately; and as the cotton had been moistened with spirits of wine, the room was soon in a blaze. At his return, seeing such a glare of light, the old miser was almost frantic. His candles burning! He began to shout exclamations of misery. He ran about the room like a madman, and began to puff them out. The whole party burst into a fit of laughter, and left him to grow cool upon his anger, after a delicate hint about his parsimony.

"I have been told that when he attended his schools he used to promise his coachman a pint of beer if he got through the turnpikes without paying; but he always took care to have the first draught, and seldom left little more than the froth at the bottom. Often when returning home at night, exhausted and fatigued, after a whole day's teaching in the country, he would take nothing but bread and cheese for his dinner, which he used to eat in his carriage. At this very time, too, he was reckoned to be worth a hundred thousand pounds."

Sir John Gallini died in Hanover Square, January 5th, 1805, leaving his son and two daughters property amounting to upwards of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

Be we must return to our story of our old concert-room.

In 1776 the "Ancient Concerts" were organised by the Earl of Sandwich. The intention was to bring out the very oldest music—English, Italian, German, and French; to use for this purpose old instruments which had slumbered for years in cabinets of antiquities, and thus to mark the progress of modern days by showing the improvements of recent inventions. These concerts were originally held at the Tottenham Street Rooms, afterwards the Queen's, and now the Prince of Wales' Theatre; they were removed to the "Queen's Concert-Room, Hanover Square"—a title it then enjoyed—in 1804, the directors having purchased the lease of the property. The sovereign, the royal family, and the highest nobility in the land were patrons of these antique entertainments, and the directors had the right, in turn, to select the pieces and arrange the programme of each concert. Thus, it is told of George III, during his long period of mental obscurity, but in one of his rare lucid intervals, that in drawing up the programme for an ancient concert, of which he was the director, he selected for performance every piece of Handel's oratorios having any reference to madness or blindness, winding up with "God save the King" as a finale.

When these concerts migrated to Hanover Square, it is stated that "the rooms were then fitted up in the most splendid manner for the performances," and that a change had taken place in the situation of the orchestra, "it having been removed to the opposite or west end of the room." The royal box was then erected at the east end.

The "Ancient Concerts" existed until 1848, by

which time a new generation had arisen, who cared little for Purcell, Blow, or Arne, and who admired Handel only in his religious aspect. The home of oratorios had been fixed at Exeter Hall, and the programme of the last Ancient Concert was sorrowfully drawn up by one of the most zealous of its directors—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Another great society—the Philharmonic, established for the performance of instrumental music of the highest class—has held the greater part of its meetings in these rooms. This important society—one of the oldest in existence at the present time—was originated in 1813 by three professors—Messrs. Corri, J. B. Cramer, and Dance—who met at the house of the last-named in Manchester Street. At subsequent meetings other professors were invited to take part; and, under the title we have named, they made arrangements for the first concert. The concerts were first held at the Argyle Rooms, Regent Street, but when these were burnt down, in 1830, they were removed to the concert-room belonging to the King's Theatre. In 1833 they were again removed to the Hanover Square Rooms.

In the meantime, our old concert-room had been let on lease to an active builder, who undertook to enlarge the orchestra, and to bring it lower in front—it had been inconveniently raised by the directors of the Ancient Concerts—so as to emit the sound more readily into the body of the room. A large organ was also erected—an important adjunct in high-class concerts—and under these improved circumstances the Philharmonic commenced its new career in these time-honoured rooms.

Among the most important musical events of this society, after its removal to these rooms, was the performance of many works by the great foreign living masters of eminence for the first time in this country. Thus, of Mendelssohn's works we may enumerate his Symphony in A minor, and his overtures—"Melusine," "Meerstille," and "Ruy Blas." In 1842 the great composer himself made his appearance before the public as conductor of these concerts, and met with a reception as enthusiastic as it was deserved.

In 1835 Sterndale Bennett made his first appearance in these rooms, being then a student of about the age of seventeen. He played his own Concerto in E flat. In after years he brought out at these concerts his charming overtures, "The Naiades," "Parisina," "The Wood Nymphs," and his piano-forte concertos. In 1856 he became permanent conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

Many of Spohr's symphonies were performed at these concerts for the first time in England, the composer himself sometimes conducting. Molique, Ernst, and Joachim played here for the first time in this country—the latter when a boy of thirteen, then giving ample promise of his future excellence.

Among conductors, besides those mentioned, we have had Costa and the renowned Richard Wagner. The latter signally failed, although he was assiduous in the discharge of his duties. The audiences did not appreciate the "musician of the future," and the orchestra had little confidence in the *baton* of the great musical reformer.

"Nearly every famous singer and instrumentalist in Europe for a period of all but a century, has sung or played at the Hanover Square Rooms. On that well-remembered platform have walked, Catalani, Billington, and Storace. There John Braham,

Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini—names which may have little signification at present, but which, in bygone times, stirred the hearts of the lovers of music as briskly as the names of Adelina Patti and Sims Reeves do now. There Marie Malibran do Beriot has gladdened the ears of a bygone generation with the incomparable sweetness, melody, and pathos of her vocalisation; there the terrible, weird man, Paganini, with his flashing eyes, his long hair streaming over his shoulders, his cadaverous face and gaunt limbs, has, with his bony, lissom fingers, extorted such exquisitely beautiful, such passionate, such eloquent yet such wild and half-distraught strains from his violin, that, hearing him, you might have imagined him as one struggling with an evil spirit, whom he had imprisoned in his instrument, and who was frantically striving to burst his bonds."

The writer of the present article, when a mere boy, played the pianoforte accompaniments to the great wizard's solos at nearly all his concerts in this country, and well remembers the fear and trembling he endured at his task. Paganini was the very incarnation of Mephistopheles. An evil spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere whenever he appeared. This feeling was of course inculcated by the many idle stories current of the great violinist, aided by his spectral appearance.

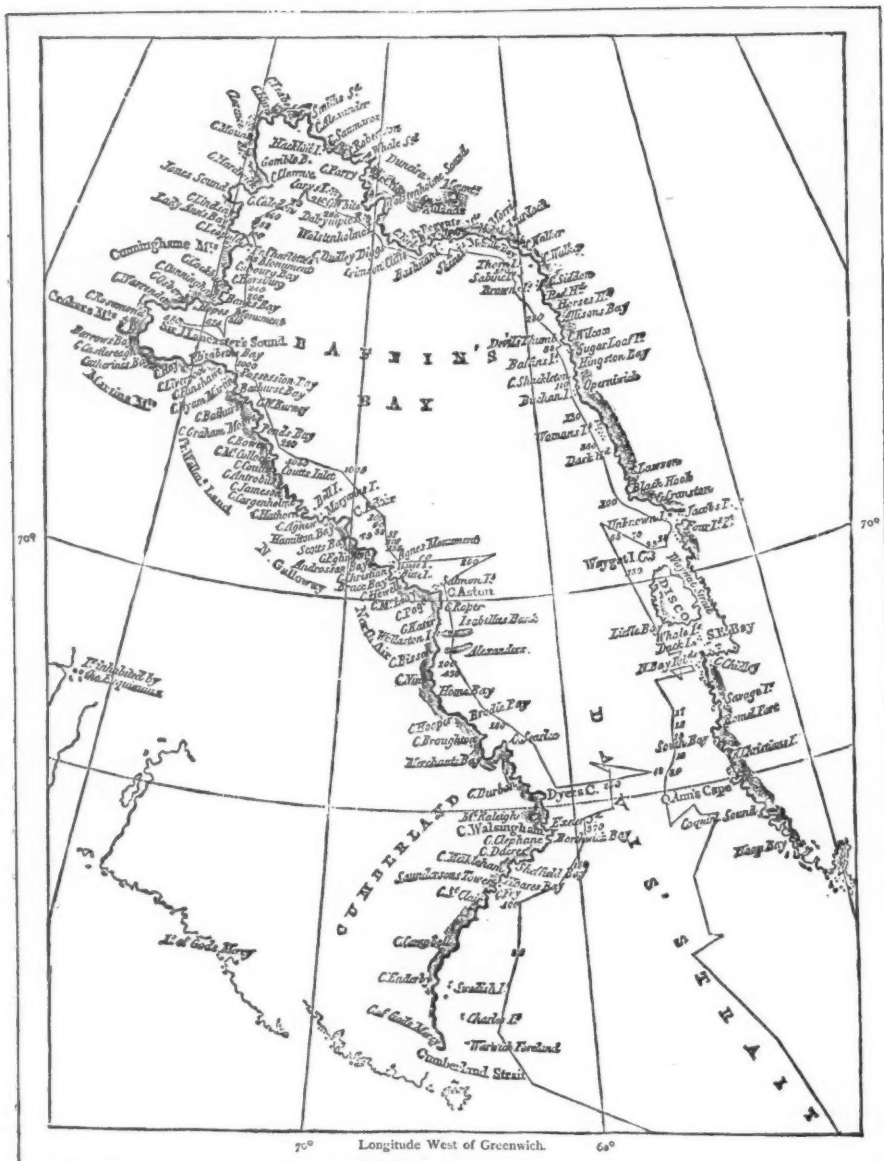
The Hanover Square Rooms also has heard Dragonetti, simplest, severest, grandest of double-bass players; the dexterous Thalberg, the melodious Pleyel, and the famous Liszt, about whom the connoisseurs could never make up their mind whether the mysterious pianist was a prophet or a pretender. The history of these rooms, indeed, between 1810 and the present era, is virtually the history of lyrical art, not only English, but Italian, French, German, and, in the truest sense of the term, cosmopolitan. Every *prima donna*, every *primo tenore*, every bass and baritone and contralto of repute, has in turn sung at the Queen's Concert-Rooms, Hanover Square. Every world-renowned pianist, harpist, or master of instruments stringed or instruments windy, has been heard on that platform.

In 1845 the only surviving daughter of Sir John Gallini died, and the freehold of the Hanover Square Rooms was purchased by Mr. Robert Cocks, the well-known music publisher. The rooms were held under lease by Mr. Martin, and subsequently by his son, till the month of December, 1861, when the proprietor of the freehold undertook the management himself. The rooms were now remodelled and beautified, under the direction of a skilful architect, Mr. Thomas Dyke. The royal box was decorated in white, buff, and gold, with paintings representing peace and plenty and the four seasons, and crimson and gold damask hangings. They were inaugurated with a concert by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, on the 8th of January, 1863, and the far-famed Philharmonic Concerts commenced their fiftieth season (a jubilee year) in the same month.

The Royal Academy of Music, which had for some time given its concerts at the institution in Tonderden Street, also renewed its performances at these rooms on entering upon its thirty-ninth season, the institution dating its career from 1823. And it was reserved for the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening, December 19th, 1874, to give—as the bills announced it—"the very last concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, in consequence of these premises being let to a club."

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.



MAP OF THE TRACK OF THE ISABELLA AND ALEXANDER IN 1813.

IV.—WHY GREAT BRITAIN AGAIN SENT OUT ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

IT is difficult for those who have grown up in times of peace to conceive what was the state of our country at the close of the war in 1815. An immense army and navy was suddenly reduced to a state of inaction, and a multitude of trades which had been reared on strife and had thriven on bloodshed were brought to stagnation or were absolutely annihilated. Thousands of tradesmen, as well as the professional

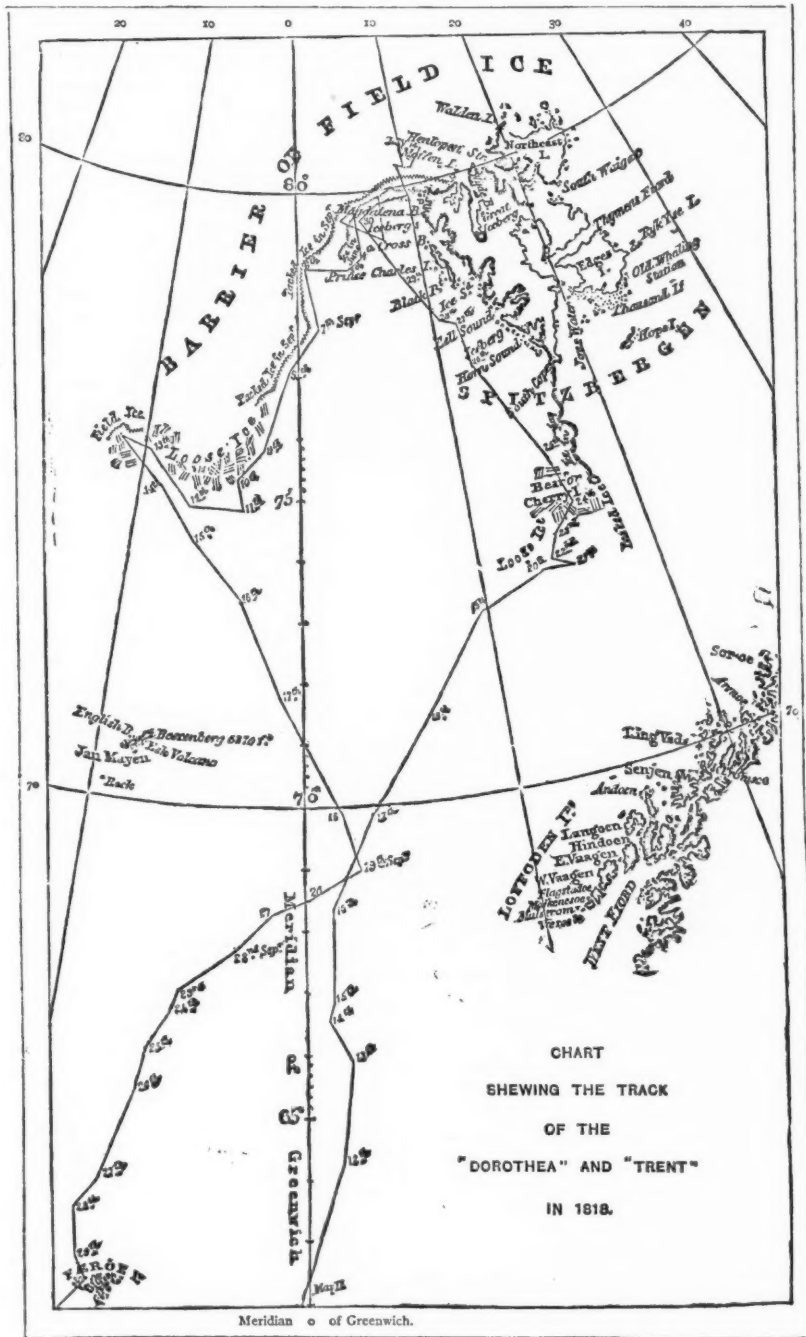
combatants, echoed the cry, "We have got no work to do!" The wealthier officers quitted, almost *en masse*, the services in which they could no longer hope to obtain distinction, but their less fortunate brethren clung to their professions with a vague hope that something would turn up sooner or later. They were ready for anything—"hot or cold"—and were eager to volunteer for any enterprise, however

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desperate, provided it would give them active employment.*

These circumstances perhaps would not have caused

the British Government to send out Arctic expeditions in 1818, had there not occurred simultaneously a remarkable irruption of Arctic ice into latitudes which



MAP OF THE TRACK OF THE DOROTHEA AND TRENT IN 1818.

*Barrow, in his "Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, 1818," gives the following account of Sir Edward Parry's introduction to Arctic exploration:—"While employed in America, led by a spirit of enterprise, he volunteered for, and was appointed to, the Congo Expedition, under Captain Tuckey, but fortunately could not join in time. Still, however, his attention was drawn towards African discovery, and about the close of 1817 he wrote to a friend, detailing his views on

the subject; and just as he had finished his letter, a paragraph in a newspaper, alluding to the attempt about to be made for the discovery of a north-west passage, caught his eye, and he added a postscript referring to this, and said 'he was ready for hot or for cold,'—Africa or the Polar regions. His friend took this letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, which Parry says he had reason to believe was the immediate cause of his appointment to that expedition, then preparing for the latter object."

are usually free from it; and it was urged—not very unreasonably, as the North was denuded of masses which would otherwise have encumbered it—that this was a favourable moment for the resumption of exploration in the Polar region. What caused these streams of Arctic ice to invade the temperate zones is entirely a matter for conjecture. The “Quarterly Review” could suggest nothing better than that the ice in the Polar current, which flows from north-east to south-west down the eastern coast of Greenland,* had become “a kind of fixed nucleus, round which a succession of floating fields attached themselves, till the accumulated barrier, *probably by its own weight and magnitude* and the action of the impeded current, at length burst its fetters!” It need scarcely be said that this idea was simply childish. A long continuance of northerly or north-westerly winds in all probability accelerated the ice-laden current of Davis Straits, and deflected the East Greenland current from its ordinary course. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that vast fields of ice found their way well-nigh eight hundred miles farther to the south than is usually the case, impeding navigation to a great extent, and, by lowering the summer temperature, prevented the crops from ripening on the lands bordering the eastern coasts of the United States. These great ice-fields, measuring many hundreds of square miles, in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, extended so low down as the fortieth parallel of latitude. “In the year 1816, Indian corn did not ripen along the whole coast from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts—a circumstance which had not happened before within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.”† The Grace packet from Halifax, when in lat. $41^{\circ} 51'$, long. $50^{\circ} 53'$, on the 28th of March, 1817, had the wind from the north so excessively cold during the whole day and following night, that the captain concluded he could not be far from ice. Accordingly, about eight in the morning of the 29th, several large islands of ice were observed stretching in an east and west direction for more than seven leagues, several of them appearing to be from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the surface. On the whole of that day the packet was running at the rate of seven miles an hour, and at the end of it had but just lost sight of the ice. Numerous other instances of a similar character were recorded about this time, and some ships were even entangled amongst the ice, and drifted with it for hundreds of miles before they could be extricated.

A little reflection on the part of those who entertained such sanguine hopes from these circumstances would have shown them that the abstraction of some hundreds of square miles of ice was not likely to produce an appreciable effect on seas whose areas amounted to not hundreds, but hundreds of thousands of square miles. Their opinions seem, however, to have had some weight with the Government. It was determined that there should be two Arctic expeditions; and four merchant ships, the *Isabella*, the *Alexander*, the *Dorothea*, and the *Trent*, were obtained and

strengthened—the two former for an attempt to discover a north-west passage by way of Baffin's Bay, and the two latter for a voyage to the North Pole. As the *Isabella* and *Alexander* sailed a few days before the other ships, let us, first of all, follow their fortunes.

V.—CAPTAIN ROSS'S VISIT TO BAFFIN'S BAY IN 1818.

Captain John Ross, who sailed in command of this expedition,* was an officer who had seen a considerable amount of service in different parts of the world. His conduct of it was severely, and to some extent, I think, unfairly criticised after his return; but even his bitterest opponents have not denied that he was a good seaman and possessed of personal courage. Lieutenant W. E. Parry, his second in command, was a comparatively young and untried man; but in a few years he raised himself to the highest rank as an Arctic explorer, and in 1827, by scrambling over the sea-ice between East Greenland and Spitzbergen, dragging boats after him, succeeded in leading his party closer to the North Pole than has been accomplished by others either before or since his time. Amongst the other officers there were several who subsequently rose to celebrity. James C. Ross (midshipman) became Admiral Sir J. C. Ross, discovered the northern magnetic pole, and distinguished himself by his explorations of the Antarctic regions; Nias (midshipman) has become Admiral Sir J. Nias; and Captain Sabine (naturalist) is now General Sir Edward Sabine.†

Though it was not perhaps expected that Ross would pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a northern route, it was anticipated that he might do so; and his instructions not only directed what he should do if he arrived at Kamchatka or the Sandwich Islands, but went to the extent of telling him to come home by the same route as that which he might take on the outward voyage, if he did not find the passage extraordinarily difficult! This magnificent programme was not carried out, and Captain Ross's voyage amounted to little more than a cruise round Baffin's Bay. He sailed from the Thames on April 18th, and after an uneventful passage across the Atlantic, arrived on the Greenland coast in lat. $68^{\circ} 54'$ on June 14th. He at once learned how fallacious were the hopes which had been raised at home. The first Danish trader whom he came across told him that “during the eleven winters he had passed” in Greenland, “not one had been so severe or protracted as the last; the sea had frozen in the beginning of December where it was usually open until February; and Disco Bay and harbour, which were generally navigable towards the end of March, still continued shut. He considered our attempt to get much farther to the north as hopeless, the Danes not having been able to communicate by sea for two seasons past with their northern settlements.”

* The track of the ships in Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay will be seen in the accompanying map, in which the soundings are marked in fathoms.

† The appointment of Captain Sabine, an officer of artillery, was called in question by those who thought Arctic exploration the especial property of the navy; just as the appointments have been of the naturalists and chaplains to the expedition which has recently sailed. Some of those who objected to call Captain Sabine's abilities in question, lived to see that most distinguished officer receive almost every honour that the scientific world can bestow. For many years, and until recently, he occupied the President's chair at the Royal Society.

The two expeditions which sailed in 1818, included, amongst the officers, no less than seven who became admirals. Seven were knighted, viz.: J. Ross, J. C. Ross, W. E. Parry, J. Nias, Ed. Sabine, J. Franklin, and Geo. Back. Sir John Ross, in the account which he gave of his voyage, made known details which are not usually published, and from these we learn that Parry received only five guineas a week for pay, and James C. Ross and the other midshipmen obtained the munificent salary of thirty shillings a week!

* The existence of this current has been known considerably over a century. It flows from N.E. to S.W. at the rate of about nine to ten miles per day (the rate being materially accelerated or retarded by the winds which may happen to blow) down the entire length of the coast of East Greenland to Cape Farwell; which point it doubles, and then proceeds three hundred miles or thereabouts along the west coast of Greenland up Davis Straits. It then dies out, or rather is deflected by and merged into the general current of Davis Straits, which proceeds constantly from north to south.

† “Quarterly Review,” October, 1817.

Ross, however, proceeded; and, by dint of great perseverance, succeeded in carrying his ship to 77° , at the extreme head of Baffin's Bay and to the entrance of Smith's Sound, by August 19th. On July 4th he passed the farthest point which was attained by old John Davis in 1587, namely, $72^{\circ} 15'$. Through the whole of these eight degrees of latitude they had to fight their way through floes and icebergs; at no time was their course clear and straightforward. Much of the distance was made by tracking, or dragging the ships through narrow lanes of water; much more had to be done by warping from mass to mass; and several times the ships had to be hastily placed in docks sawn in the floes to save them from being crushed by the concussion of the moving fields. That this was not entirely a voyage of pleasure, let us quote an incident which occurred on August 7th:—"A large floe which lay on one side of the *Isabella* appeared to be fixed, while, on the other side, another of considerable bulk was passing along with a rapid motion, assuming a somewhat circular direction, in consequence of one side having struck on the fixed field. The pressure continuing to increase, it became doubtful whether the ship would be able to sustain it: every support threatened to give way; the beams in the hold began to bend, and the iron tanks settled together. At this critical moment, when it seemed impossible for us to bear the accumulating pressure much longer, the hull rose several feet, while the ice, which was more than six feet thick, broke against the sides, curling back on itself. The great stress now fell upon our bow, and after being again lifted up, we were carried with great violence towards the *Alexander*, which had hitherto been in a great measure defended by the *Isabella*. Every effort to avoid their getting foul of each other failed; the ice-anchors and cables broke one after another, and the sterns of the two ships came so violently into contract as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time. The collision was tremendous, the anchors and chain-plates being broken, and nothing less than the loss of the masts expected; but at this eventful instant, by the interposition of Providence, the force of the ice seemed exhausted; the two fields suddenly receded, and we passed the *Alexander* with comparatively little damage. The last things that hooked each other were the two bower anchors, which, being torn from the bows, remained suspended in a line between the two ships, until that of the *Alexander* gave way."

Shortly before Ross arrived at his most northern point, whilst he was at the western extremity of Melville Bay, he made his most interesting, if not his most important, discovery. He found that the mainland was inhabited by a vigorous race of Eskimo, who believed that there were no more people to the south, just as the natives of the more southern parts of Greenland believed that there were no others to their north. Ross gave to this little isolated tribe the somewhat fantastic name of the Arctic Highlanders. It will please all total abstainers to hear that they manifested the strongest dislike to the wine and spirits which were offered to them, and that after the first taste they spat out the remainder, and refused to try again. It is not so agreeable to be obliged to add that they manifested strongly thievish propensities, and endeavoured, in each case being totally unaware of the weight, to carry off a spare topmast and the armourer's anvil. The grunting of a pig, which had been obtained at the Shetland

Islands, terrified them exceedingly. They were a simple people, readily amused, full of fun, easily frightened, and entirely unspoiled by civilisation; and it is much to be regretted that such a race, which has subsisted for untold ages upon the resources that it can wring from its native soil, seems doomed to be extinguished at no remote date.* They had not seen ships before Ross's visit, and, pointing to his vessels, inquired, "What great creatures are those? Do they come from the sun or from the moon?" The interpreter told them that they were floating houses of wood; but this they would not believe, and said, referring to the sails, "No, they are alive; we have seen them move their wings." Their astonishment was great on first viewing themselves in the little mirrors which were given as presents, but was greater when they came on board and saw the timber and spars, their knowledge of wood having been confined to the dwarfed stems of Arctic vegetation.

Ross went northwards, and then to the west, and here he made his grand mistake, which brought down upon him endless ridicule. When at the entrance of a great inlet—which he rightly identified as the Lancaster Sound of Baffin—he believed that he saw a chain of mountains closing its termination. These imaginary hills he called the "Croker Mountains." Within a twelvemonth, his second in command sailed over those mountains, and demonstrated that they had no existence; and so Ross suffered in public estimation, and had his good faith called in question. But I cannot, even after reading Ross's narrative critically, think otherwise than that he was wronged, and that there is no reasonable ground for doubting his good faith. From personal experience, I know that in Davis Straits, and the regions bordering Baffin's Bay, the strangest freaks are played by refraction. Low islands, which at a distance of ten miles are ordinarily out of sight, are frequently raised by refraction so as to be visible at double that distance; and more than that, low, flat islands are sometimes raised and distorted by refraction, so that they appear as conical mountains or craggy cliffs, in a manner which would deceive the most practised observer. It is therefore far from impossible—if it is not, indeed, probable—that Ross was the victim of an illusion, the effect of refraction, which he would have detected had he gone a little farther to the west.

From Lancaster's Sound, Ross proceeded steadily down the western shores of Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits, at a safe distance from the land; and, on account of the distance at which he coasted those shores, his survey of them was necessarily very imperfect. Fault was again found with him upon this account; but had his critics been upon board his ships and seen how, from proximity to the magnetic pole, his compasses nearly ceased to act, and how dark were the nights, how thick were the fogs, and how frequent the icebergs, they would probably have been of opinion that he acted like a prudent commander. On October 3rd he shaped his course for home, and after experiencing stormy weather, as every one does, off Cape Farewell, he made an ordinary voyage across the Atlantic, and his ships eventually dropped anchor at Deptford on November 21st. Ross could fairly boast, not only that he did

* These are the people whose existence proved of such vital importance to Kane and Hayes when they were in difficulties in the voyages which will subsequently be related.

not lose a man, but that he had not a single man or officer on the sick list during the whole of his voyage! The Dorothea and the Trent had come back a few weeks earlier, and we will now briefly relate the more eventful, and even less important voyage which was performed by those vessels.

VI.—CAPTAIN BUCHAN'S ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE IN 1818.

Buchan* sailed a few days after Ross, and, as his course led nearly due north from Greenwich, he was fortunate enough to get his ships by the beginning of June into Magdalena Bay, in Spitzbergen, nearly in lat. 80°, at which time the sister ships, having had to make a voyage across the Atlantic, were pretty well twenty degrees farther south, and had scarcely entered Davis Straits. This was no great exploit on Buchan's part, nor did he attempt to make it appear one. English yachtsmen go occasionally as far north as the north of Spitzbergen, and the bay was frequented by whalers two centuries before Buchan's time,† and has been almost every year that has elapsed since his visit. It was not difficult to get so far, but it was, and always has been, very difficult to get much farther to the north in this direction. The general testimony of whalers frequenting these seas is that they are seldom greatly impeded by ice so low as lat. 77°, but that they can rarely proceed farther than lat. 80° without great exertions. This was just about what Buchan found.‡ He tried, during the months of June, July, and August, to proceed to the north, but never got beyond 80° 34'—a latitude which had been several times exceeded by persons who were not engaged in exploration, notably by the elder Scoresby, the whale-fisher, who, on May 28th, 1806, got as high as 81° 50'§ without any great exertion.

Finding that the ice was packed too closely in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, they ran towards the west, to see if it was less intractable in the neighbourhood of Greenland; and, whilst doing so, a south-west storm arose which drove the slow-sailing ships against the floes which they were anxious to avoid. They endeavoured to weather them, until finding this was impossible, they put the ships before the wind and let them drive into the pack. The account of this storm is the sole redeeming feature in Beechey's book, but it is so wordy that it is impossible to quote from it *in extenso*. The Dorothea, with Buchan on board, was the first to enter the ice, and she was almost immediately obscured by foam and spray, and those on the Trent feared that she had foundered. They, however, were compelled to follow her example, after having hastily constructed fenders of iron and chunks of cable to protect the vessel's sides from the battering of the jagged ice-masses. Careful scrutiny of the edges of the pack showed no openings.

* Captain Buchan was an officer of some standing in the navy. He was lost, with all hands, on the Upton Castle, whilst returning from India in 1838. Lieut. Franklin, his second in command, had served under Flinders on the coasts of Australia, and under Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen. Franklin perished, as all the world knows, with all his crew, whilst endeavouring to make the north-west passage. Of the other officers, the most renowned was Back (Admiralty mate). Sir George Back is still alive, and is generally considered the "father" of Arctic explorers.

† It is surprising how soon Barentz's discovery was appreciated. From a rare pamphlet in my possession, printed at Amsterdam in 1613, entitled, "Histoire du Pays nomme Spitzberghe, monstrant comment qu'il est trouvé, son naturel et ses animaux," etc., it is evident that it was well frequented within a few years after its discovery.

‡ Buchan, very wisely, did not publish an account of his voyage, and the only original description printed of it is that by Beechey, in 1843.

§ See "Laing's Voyage to Spitzbergen, 1818," as well as the works of the younger Scoresby.

"All parts," says the narrator, "appeared to be equally impenetrable, and to present one unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding and dashing together with a violence which nothing but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that it was with the greatest difficulty we could make our orders heard by the crew." The scene was said to have been terribly grand. The sea was rolling in mountainous waves; the ice was grinding and crashing, or rising and sinking; the water was rushing in foaming cataracts over its edges, and was scattered in spray against the great masses. The brig soon came in contact with the main body of the ice, and in an instant all on board lost their footing, the masts bent like canes, and the cracking timbers below gave evidence of the force of the collision. The next wave drove her within the margin of the pack, and then she was thrown pretty nearly broadside upon it. The vessel was utterly unmanageable; the ship's bell, which in the heaviest gales had never tolled, now sent out peals so incessantly that it was obliged to be muffled. From the injuries that the Trent received it became evident that she would not long hold together, and that their only chance for safety was to penetrate farther into the ice. To effect this, they were obliged to set more sail on the already tottering masts; the brig then nearly righted herself, and, aided by the ice which was pressing astern, she drove into and split a floe which was fourteen feet thick. The situation of the crew was now somewhat safer, though the storm still raged outside. When it abated and the mists cleared away, the Dorothea was discovered at no great distance, in a foundering condition. After much labour they got clear of the ice, and made all haste back to Spitzbergen, where the damage done to the vessels was found so serious that they were compelled to abandon all idea of prosecuting the voyage. The Dorothea had nearly all her timbers broken or started, and resembled a cracked nut-shell.* After patching their ships up as well as possible, they sailed for home at the end of August, and were fortunate enough to reach Deptford without mishap by the 21st of October.

GOING BY TRAIN.

WE have lingered at B—, where we have been spending the best part of our summer holiday, up to the last day, and almost to the last hour of our allotted term, and must perforce be back in London before the sun which rose this morning, but has not shown us his face for several days, shall have set. We start by the one o'clock train, and the only conveyance from B— to the station being an omnibus, which arrives there at half-past twelve, we have half-an-hour to wait before taking to the iron road. For a good part of this unwelcome interval we have to submit, as we best can, to the despotism of railway rule; which, if it is a good thing in some respects, inasmuch as it ensures and enforces regularity and

* "The larboard side had been forced in so much that several spare oak planks, four and five inches in thickness, which were stowed in the wing, were found broken in various places. The spirit-room, which was built in the centre of the ship, was forced in; many casks stowed in the body of the hold were stove, and even some which were bedded in coals in the ground tier had their staves broken. It is hardly possible to imagine such extensive mischief occurring to any vessel without her immediately foundering."—Beechey's *Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole*.

punctuality, is a bad and aggravating thing in other respects, and open to very valid objections on the part of its victims. While undergoing the torture, one is led to the conclusion that, in the eyes of English railway managers, the public who travel are a set of impertinent intruders, whom it is their duty to discommode and annoy by any indirect means at their command. The booking-office at B— (and it is no worse than a thousand others) is on the basement floor, and contains sitting accommodation for about eight persons on two small benches. Before we have been in it ten minutes forty persons have assembled, and in five minutes more these have doubled in number, and the place has grown stiflingly hot and crowded, while numbers outside are clamorously pushing and struggling to get in. Everybody wants his ticket, and some are beating with their fists against the blind-window whence the tickets are to issue. Meanwhile no notice is taken of this appeal; we hear the clerks within chatting leisurely with the utmost nonchalance, varying the conversation at times with a mutual giggle or explosive crow of laughter, and we are beginning to suspect whether tickets are to be issued at all this morning, when crack! up goes the sliding-board, and the head of the ticket-clerk is seen through the orifice.

Then follows a mighty rush at both ends of the bar that fences off the pay-place, and the utmost vigour of a couple of policemen is required to direct the current of applicants so that it shall flow in at the right hand and out at the left. Now and then some stout gentleman, hugging his carpet-bag, gets jammed fast in the narrow gangway, or some bewildered spinster is forced through in a crushed and collapsed state. Anxious to get out of this purgatory, which experience has taught you to anticipate, you have stationed yourself pretty close to the trap before it is drawn up, and tendering a bank-note in payment for your ticket, the clerk coolly informs you that he has no change, and that you must stand aside until he has taken more silver—as if it were possible to stand aside while you are packed rather closer than pilchards in the salting-heap. You give it up as a bad job, finding that your care to be among the first has resulted in shifting you to the very last. Meanwhile you look around you, and call into exercise such patience and philosophy as you happen to possess. You will be sure to see that some of those who have forced themselves forward to the scathe and injury of others have come for tickets which will not be issued for another hour, while others who should have booked upstairs half-an-hour ago, have been waiting here, and suffered their train to go without them. That old gentleman who got jammed with his carpet-bag and had to retreat, is now trying to pass without his bag, which he has deposited, as he thinks, in a place of safety. He does pass at length, and emerges from the straits in a bath of perspiration, but triumphantly clutching his ticket. But where is his carpet-bag? That question he is asking right and left—some light-fingered adept has walked off with it. One person saw him take it. "Which way did he go?" "Upstairs to the platform," cries one. "No, he didn't," says another; "he walked off with it through the luggage-room." "Stop him—stop thief!" shouts the owner; and then there is a roar, the reverse of sympathetic, which makes the old gentleman prefer submitting to his loss rather than be the butt of the crowd, and he vanishes

slowly up the stairs. As time flies the applicants thin off, but those remaining get more eager and impatient, and once or twice there is something very like a fight for precedence among them.

As you look on you wonder why all this confusion should exist, and what crime the people who bring their money to the railway have committed that they should have to undergo such inflictions. You recall your railway experiences when travelling on the continent, and you can remember no such a scene as this, in which you have to take part whenever you travel in England. You ask yourself why the tickets should not be obtainable at any portion of the interval between the starting of two trains; and you puzzle yourself in vain for any reason why the public should not have that accommodation.

But you get your ticket at last, and glad enough you are to escape from the heat and the crowding of the stifling den to the free air on the platform above. There the scene is different; you can sit, or stand, or promenade at pleasure. When the train you are to go by is due, it does not make its appearance, and on inquiring of a passing porter, you are informed that it is generally behind time at this season, and may not arrive for this quarter-of-an-hour. So you have leisure to read the news if you like, if you prefer that to watching the fresh arrivals as they "tumble up" the stairs. They are a motley company, consisting of all classes, chiefly, however, of those who, "though they are on pleasure bent, have yet a frugal mind," and who have taken third-class tickets for a cheap ride. They have not, for the most part, any intention of invading the expensive refreshment-rooms at the halting-places on their route, but have duly virtualised themselves to obviate that necessity. Brown jars, black bottles, wicker-woven pocket-pistols, contain the fluids, of which you can but notice the liberal supply; while the solids are crammed into bags, baskets, and brown-paper parcels, and displayed with an unreservedly specially characteristic of their owners.

And now a voice shouts, "Ring that bell!" and a boy of twelve lifts the signal-bell from the ground, and begins swinging it to and fro with a will. The long-expected sound stirs a commotion on the platform, and from the several waiting-rooms forth come the passengers to secure places on the appearance of the train. With hissing and snorting and a long-sustained whistle, it comes gliding in, and is brought to a standstill. For a moment or two the confusion is worse confounded; the meeting of the getters-out and the getters-in is like the shock of two opposing currents; but there is small greeting between them, and less show of courtesy; they mingle for a moment, to separate again the moment after—the arrivals departing rapidly by the door of exit, each endeavouring to anticipate the rest in securing cabs or omnibuses to convey them home.

Having taken possession of a corner for yourself, you are thankful that at length the disagreeable part of the business is over; and you do not care how soon other people are accommodated and the train goes on its way. It is amusing now to watch the later arrivals, and to contrast the hurry, flurry, and eagerness of some with the remarkably careless coolness of others. Towards the cheap carriages in the rear three-fourths of the crowd rush, as if of one mind, and as though each were fully convinced that a moment's delay would result in his being left behind. You are amazed, as you look on, to see

what a multitude one of those grim-looking vehicles will swallow up, and what a mountain of small packages goes in after them to "fill up the chinks."

Among the last arrivals are the men whose business it is to know the mysteries of Bradshaw by heart, and to be able to drop down upon any departing train just at the moment of starting. These are the "commercial gentlemen" who, sample-bags in hand, come confidently forward at the very nick of time; the guards and porters know them well, and, relieving them of all care about luggage, convey them to the seats yet vacant. And now, crack, crack go half-a-dozen carriage doors, one after the other; the guard blows his shrill whistle, and already the train is in motion, while all faces on the platform are gazing after it, and hands and handkerchiefs are waved as it rolls off into the welcome sunlight. Away goes the town in the rear; faster and faster, as the steam is got up, the glorious panorama of an English landscape in its densest fulness of foliage, and washed free from every particle of dust by the late abundant rains, rapidly unfolds itself in a succession of beautiful scenes, each more lovely than the last. Then, with a warning shriek from the engine, you plunge into a tunnel and go crashing and snorting through the bowels of the earth for some half mile, emerging at the end of it on the banks of a quiet river, whose sinuous course you can trace for miles along the wooded vale, and which touches the iron road and then flies off at a tangent at least half-a-dozen times before you leave it in the rear. Then comes the fair city of grey stone, reclined luxuriously on the grassy hills, where the train halts for a moment to take up and set down. Then on again through the valley of the river, skirting the little white hamlets and farming villages that lie upon the banks, where the grey church towers and the broad masses of wooded hills lie calmly reflected in the waveless stream. Gradually you rise above the level of the river, and by-and-by, on looking over the crest of a hill, you see it stealing along far below, half veiled by embowering trees. You stop for a few moments before entering the longest tunnel in England, while an additional engine is attached to the train to drag you through it the quicker; but, notwithstanding, you are ten minutes in the dark, amid the rumble and racket, before you look upon daylight again.

On again, in a course due east, and over lands which are almost a dead level, and cultivated everywhere to the highest point; you do not pause or slacken speed for a moment until you roll into the famous refreshment station, where every train that comes is under articles to stop at least ten minutes—for the benefit presumably of the passengers, certainly of the lessee.

But lo! "the skies with clouds are overcast, the rain begins to fall," and it falls in a settled, solid, straight-down manner, just as it has done almost every day for these six weeks past; the turn of noon has brought on the daily downpour, and you feel that you are in for it for the rest of your route. The bell rings violently just as the storm breaks out; there is a rush from the refreshment-rooms, and a hurried gesticulating with the half-eaten sections of pork-pie, while half the passengers are at a loss where to go because the train has shifted its ground since they got out, and they have forgotten or failed to notice the numbers of their carriages. When you resume

your seat, you meet with several new faces in your department, and you are uncomfortably neighboured by a couple of infants in arms, who keep up a continued squalling. The falling rain shuts out the view of the landscape, and as the wind blows it into your face you pull up the window for protection, a proceeding which ere long gives rise to complaints from your fellow-passengers and a demand for fresh air. You have to compromise the affair as you best can, but do not find it easy so to adjust the sliding pane as to admit the air and keep out the wet. You halt at a station just as the storm has reached its climax, to water the engine; the place is misty with steam, and gloomy from the black clouds overhead, and the passengers, anxious to get on and get home, have grown silent and dull and thoughtful, as folks generally are at the approaching close of a journey. A shrill voice on the platform keeps crying out, "Banbury cakes! Real Banbury cakes!" and many are not sorry to make prize of a packet of that delicate pastry.

You start again amidst the play of lightning and the low growls of not very distant thunder, the big drops of rain peppering a dreary tattoo on the glass almost rivalling the noise of the rushing wheels. The iron horse seems to take umbrage at the angry weather, and snorts and pants and puffs, and throws off solid shags of steam, which, beaten to the earth, lap the long train in a misty shroud; and as the thunder bursts in louder peals, the faster and more furious grows the speed; the trees, the banks, the houses, loom rapidly into view, and flit past like goblins; the troubled rivers and streams gleam and flash like fitful meteors, and ever and anon a wild shriek from the flying horse pierces through the din with its warning cry. Some forty minutes of this mad whirl brings you to the last station at which you will stop before entering London, though you are yet near forty miles from the capital.

Here you have to surrender your tickets, and here it is your lot to witness one of those awkward *contretemps* which are constantly recurring in the history of railway travelling. You noticed when you got in at B—that an old white-haired man of the labouring class had ensconced himself in the farther corner, and that almost before the train started he had settled himself down to a comfortable nap. He has been sleeping soundly ever since, consideration for his extreme age and white hairs having prevented any one from disturbing him. But now the guard wakes him up and demands his ticket; amid much bewilderment and a few rather dreamy words, that is at length produced. "Hallo," cries the guard; "come out of that, old gentleman; why, where do you think you are going to?" "Oize gwain to Gloster, oi be; oize due to Gloster at dree o'clock." "Dree o'clock, indeed! why, it's past that now, and you have come fifty miles out of your way. Why didn't you change at S—?" "Thaa never tell'd oi; how wur oi to know? Oize eighty-voor year auld, an' bean't zo sprack as used to. When 'ull oi get to Gloster?" "About one to-morrow morning, if you look sharp." "Here be a vix! whoi did'n zum on 'em lock a-ater oi?" The poor old fellow mumbles thus to himself as he gropes beneath the seat for his luggage, the whole of which is thrust into the bottom of an old sack and secured with a piece of string. He is hauled out and, with some difficulty, set on his legs; and the last thing you see as you glide out of the station is the poor old wanderer bent

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half double, and looking dreamily around him, as the wind plays roughly with his long silver locks.

For the remainder of the route you travel at the same wild pace, making up by despatch at the end of your journey for delays at the beginning—a practice, we need hardly say, that is fruitful in accidents and “compensations.” But you escape these and are landed safely at the Paddington station, whence you have your choice of conveyances, either by omnibus, cab, or underground rail, to your home, fortunate if you have not first to seramble in an unseemly manner for the possession of your luggage. Few things in connection with a railway trip are more tantalising than the sudden contrast in locomotion which one experiences at the end of it. It is not uncommon to do the last forty or fifty miles of rail within the hour, and then to rumble through the streets at the heels of a jaded hack for as long a time in getting from the station to one’s house!

HIGHTUM, TITUM, AND SCRUB!

MISS LYDIA BANKS, sister of the eminent naturalist, Sir Joseph, is reported to have dressed *always* in a riding-habit. She was never seen, the biographer says, in any other costume. She had three dresses of the kind. One was of superfine material; in this she appeared among her “quality friends,” and it went by the name of “Hightum.” The second was of very respectable form and kind, and fitted for ordinary society; this she called “Titum.” The third, which was as homely as its name, and which she reserved for scouring the country and such like rough usage in quite private rural life, was her “Scrub.”

A whimsical way of cataloguing a wardrobe; but one whose simplicity would surely commend itself to some who live in sore bondage to fashion and the laws of “society” respecting dress, and who would not unfrequently, by attending to it, be spared a headache—yes, even a heartache—caused by studying how to answer the questions, “What shall I put on? What is worn? How can I get it?”

Miss Lydia was only following an arrangement so general that it may be called “a law” in thus classifying her garments. If we look into life we shall find that “Hightum, Titum, and Scrub” is the rule of valuation in most things. Look, for instance, at your friends. Have not you, at the least, one whom you call “the friend of your bosom”—the Newton of Cowper, and the Bentinck of William III? And have not you others well enough liked, but who are not admitted into “the inner courts”? And are there not among those whom you style your “friends” some who are most welcome to “call when you are out,” and who are most welcome to be out when you call on them? A lady once said, “My friends I thus divide: I have acquaintances, *conquaintances*, and *inquaintances*.” This is no other, you will see, than “Hightum, Titum, and Scrub.”

But we need not confine ourselves to outer things. “Inquire within” is a good hint in many respects, and may be usefully followed here. Look at our impulses. We hear a stirring appeal from the pulpit or platform for the bodily or spiritual wants of our fellow-creatures; we feel for our purses, and in the heat of our excited sympathy devote gold to the cause; but, the address over, something of our first interest has evaporated. Perhaps there were other

speakers who tried us, or the crowd in impeding our exit may have tried us. Certain it is, that on our way to the plate, we come to the conclusion that *silver* will do, and when we arrive at it we say to ourselves, “After all, I subscribe to the society,” or, “I am usually liberal to the poor”! and we drop a solitary shilling in, with less willingness than in our “Hightum” impulse we consecrated gold to the purpose.

Look, again, at our “manners.” There are many kinds of manners, but these are reducible to “the three heads.”

The man of “Hightum” manners is he whose politeness is in and from his heart—who in so great a measure loves his neighbour as himself that he does by him as he would be done by up to that measure. He knows no distinction of person nor occasion; he is kind and courteous to all, always. If he has to reprove he does it with so much consideration that he convinces without offending; if he confers a benefit or offers praise, it is with such delicate tact that he does not raise a blush nor wound by humbling. Nobody is afraid of being misunderstood by him, of finding him “out of sorts,” or of suffering from caprice.

“I would rather be told my faults, or refused a favour by *him*,” said one, alluding to a man who possessed “Hightum” manners, “than be praised or receive an obligation from *him*,” indicating another, whose manner too often descended to “Scrub.”

There are “Titum” manners. These are ordinary enough. Civility where it costs nothing; polish where it is to serve a purpose, or is called forth by a desire to shine; amiability when some particular chord is touched; but no civility, polish, or amiability to be depended on. The “Scrubs” are such as are well enough in society; but, as the old saying goes, “they hang up the fiddle at their own door.” The courtesies of life are for those in outer life; the family are not important enough to make exertion necessary. “No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*,” says the old proverb; but it should have excepted the man of “Hightum” manners, who respects the feelings of his valet as much as he would those of royalty. It is, however, a very good test of the genuine “Scrub.”

As to conditions in life, the “Hightum” would externally be cast in the uppermost circle—riches, rank, great gifts, and so on; but the prayer of Jabez, “Give me neither poverty nor riches,” is one full of wisdom. “Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them *not*,” the prophet Jeremiah says to Baruch. “Hightum,” in life, is found neither on the hill-tops, from the throne downward, nor in the dingy pits of care and poverty, but in the “happy valley” of mediocrity. Wealth may abound, rank command, and pleasure reign, without happiness being found. No doubt many say this who will nevertheless try their best to be as rich and great and gay as the richest, greatest, and gayest; but that does not alter the fact. “Titum” in nominal order, but “Hightum” in truth, is that state which is equally removed from the glare of greatness and the gloom of “Scrub.” Of course, true peace is not confined to any circumstances. A man of “Hightum” manners must be happy, whether he is a sovereign or a shoeblack, and the “Scrubs,” who may be found in all ranks—more is the pity—will as surely be miserable by the laws, unfailing, of moral retribution.

Varieties.

INDIAN SPORT.—So the Prince of Wales has seen for himself some of the Baroda "sports" described by Rousselet. Of course what was presented was only a diluted form of the spectacles in which the souls of Mulhar and his predecessors delighted. Elephants, it is true, tusked one another, and were separated by having fuses flared before their eyes; buffaloes charged each other, and were gored till the blood streamed down their necks; goats butted each other savagely, their skulls crashing together with reports which were like successive pistol-shots; a rhinoceros was, as the "Daily News" Special Correspondent expresses it "jobbed with a spear," and as the "Daily Telegraph" representative terms it, "prodded," to make him fight; and so on. Here is a sketch of one part of the "spectacle" which we must be pardoned for quoting, for the reason we shall give presently. It is from the pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"Buffaloes succeed behemoth; genuine wild buffaloes of the swampy jungle—brutes that among their native bulrushes will fearlessly face the tiger himself. One is black and sleek, the other dun and rough. There is no question about their ardour for the battle; with straining sinew they rush to the encounter. At the first crash the dun loses a horn close to the scalp. The agony must be horrible; the blood streams from the raw pith on to the sand, but the fighting demon is rampant in the dun, and he battles madly on. But he cannot sustain the unequal contest long, and it is a relief from the sickening spectacle when he wheels, and, dashing blindly against the barricade, half staggers, half crouches under it, and is lost sight of as, mad with pain and terror, he rushes out into the open, the scared populace flying wildly from his infuriated track." In our review of Rousselet we ventured to point out that the presentation to native princes of a book depicting such scenes would be misunderstood; we now go further, and venture to express sorrow that the advisers of the Prince of Wales permitted the agony of animals to be made a conspicuous part of an entertainment held in the city from which its late ruler was expelled for his love of barbarity, as well as for other reasons. It is true no men fought with claws before the Prince, for, as a writer says naively, the "entertainment was modified to suit European taste;" but, we ask, was the entertainment in any way suitable to English taste? From the "Times" downwards, almost every journal was virtuously indignant not long ago when some cock-fighters were caught in the very act of enjoying their "sport" in Lancashire. Englishmen take the flattering unctious to their souls that their days of bear-baiting are over, and that Spain may keep her cruel bull-fights to herself; but here is the Prince of Wales at Baroda.—*The Athenæum*.

MR. CARLYLE'S BIRTHDAY.—At the funeral of Mr. Forster, the biographer of Charles Dickens, there was a goodly gathering of literary men at Kensal Green. In the procession from the Cemetery Chapel to the grave, the venerable Thomas Carlyle walked side by side with Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," the new Governor-General of India. Carlyle is now in his eighty-first year. We ought to record in our columns the address which, on his eightieth birthday, was forwarded to him:—

"TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

"December 4, 1875.

"Sir,—We beg leave, on this interesting and memorable anniversary, to tender you the expression of our respectful good wishes. Not a few of the voices which it would have been dearest to you to hear to-day are silent in death. There may perhaps be some compensation in the assurance of the reverent sympathy and affectionate gratitude of many thousands of living men and women throughout the British islands and elsewhere who have derived a delight and inspiration from the noble series of your writings, and who have noted also how powerfully the world has been influenced by your great personal example. A whole generation has elapsed since you described for us the 'Hero as a Man of Letters.' We congratulate you and ourselves on the spacious fulness of years which has enabled you to sustain this rare dignity among mankind in all its possible splendour and completeness. It is a matter for general rejoicing that a teacher whose genius and achievements have lent radiance to his time still dwells amidst us; and our hope is that you may long continue in fair health, to feel how much you are loved and honoured, and to rest in the retrospect of a brave and illustrious life." (Here follow the names of several literary and scientific gentlemen and ladies.)

A medal accompanied the address, engraved by Mr. George

Morgan, and bearing a medallion of Mr. Carlyle by Mr. Boehm, and on the obverse the words, "In commemoration; December 4, 1875." Silver and bronze copies were struck for the subscribers, with a few for presentation to public institutions; the copy for Mr. Carlyle was in gold.

The following telegram was also addressed from Berlin to Mr. Carlyle:—"To the valiant champion of Germanic freedom of thought and morality, to the true friend of our Fatherland, who, by the labour of a long, rich life, has successfully advanced the hearty understanding between the English and German peoples, to the historian of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, send on his eightieth birthday grateful greeting and warm congratulation—Leopold von Ranke, Johann Gustav Droysen, Rudolf Gneist, Heinrich Marquardsen, Theodore Mommsen, Reinhold Pauli, Baron von Stauffenburg, Heinrich von Sybel," and many others.

SUNDAY IN FRANCE.—The public museums and galleries are open on Sundays. But you look for the working people there in vain. They are at work in the factories whose chimneys are smoking as usual, or they are building houses, or working in the fields, or they are engaged in the various departments of labour. The Government works all go on as usual on Sundays. The railway trains run precisely as on week-days. In short, the Sunday is secularised, or regarded but as a partial holiday. As you pass through the country on Sundays you see the people toiling in the fields. . . . Their continuous devotion to bodily labour, without a seventh day's rest, cannot fail to exercise a deteriorating effect upon their physical as well as their moral condition; and this, we believe, it is which gives to the men, and especially to the women of the country, the look of a prematurely old and over-worked race.—*Mr. Samuel Smiles*.

JEREMIAH HORROCKS.—There was lately affixed to the pedestal of the monument of John Conduitt, nephew of Sir Isaac Newton, which is situated at the extreme west end of the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey, and exactly opposite that of Newton at the extreme east end, a marble scroll, formed between foliage ends, and bearing this inscription:—

"In Memory of

JEREMIAH HORROCKS,

Curate of Hoole, in Lancashire,

Who died on the 3rd of January, 1641, in or near his 22nd year;

Having in so short a life

Detected the long inequality in the mean motion of Jupiter and Saturn;

Discovered the orbit of the Moon to be an ellipse;

Determined the motion of the lunar apse;

Suggested the physical cause of its revolution;

And predicted from his own observations the Transit of Venus,

Which was seen by himself and his friend William Crabtree

On Sunday, the 24th of November (O.S.), 1639;

This Tablet, facing the monument of Newton,

Was raised after the lapse of more than two centuries,

December 9, 1874."

The scroll is an *applique* to Conduitt's sarcophagus. It was purposed to have placed it on the date of the Transit observed by him, of Venus; and, although circumstances caused unavoidable delay, it has been thought fit to retain the intended date of its dedication, November 24th, 1874. December 9th, it will be remembered, was the date of the last Transit. The whole has been carried out under the direction and supervision of the Dean of Westminster, Mr. H. J. S. Smith, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxon, and Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society. Liverpool people have expressed regret that the fact of his birth in that town is not recorded. This can best be remedied by having some memorial in Liverpool also.

BISHOP THIRLWALL.—A black marble slab in memory of Bishop Thirlwall has been laid down in Westminster Abbey. The inscription is as follows:—"Connop Thirlwall, scholar, historian, theologian, for thirty-four years Bishop of St. David's. Born February 11, 1797. Died July 27, 1875. 'Cor sapientis et intelligens ad discernendum judicium.' 'Gwyn ei fyd.'" The Latin text is from 1 Kings iii. 11, 12, "A wise and understanding heart to discern judgment." It is enclosed in a fillet of brass. The three words in Welsh, engraved on a ribbon scroll of brass, are literally, "White is his world," meaning "Blessed is his state."

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On Sunday Morning, April 30th, 1876, by the Rt. Rev. BISHOP RYAN, D.D., at ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHESTER SQUARE, Divine Service to commence at Eleven o'clock.

And on Wednesday Evening, May 3rd, by the Rev. J. P. CHOWN, at BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, Divine Service commencing at Seven o'clock.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The Public Meeting will be held on Friday Evening, May 5th, at Exeter Hall, commencing at 6.30 o'clock. The Choir will be taken by the Rt. Hon. W. E. BAXTER, M.P., and amongst the speakers will be the Rt. Rev. BISHOP ANDERSON, D.D.; the Rev. R. C. BILLING, B.A.; the Rev. ARCHIBALD BROWN; the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D.; and the Rev. JESSE C. HARRISON.

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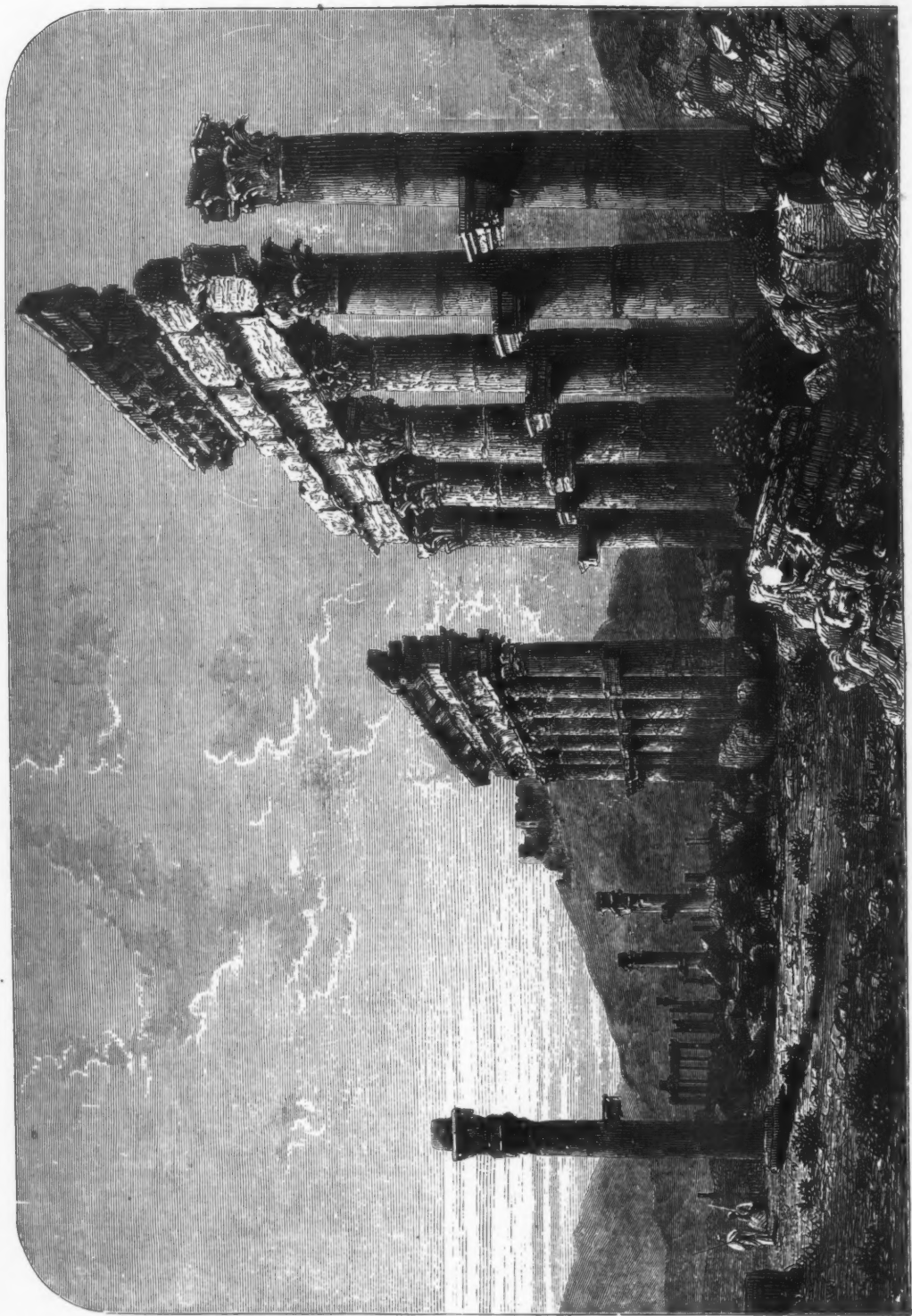
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